THE POETRY OF LAST NIGHT

For the hearts that feel too much...

by

IMTEEIAZ AHMED

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To the feelings I could never explain,
and the nights that understood me.

INTRODUCTION

This book is a collection of emotions
written in silence and felt deeply.
These poems are not just words,
they are moments, memories, and feelings
that stayed with me.
Some were born in nights of loneliness,
some in quiet thoughts,
and some in the echoes of love and loss.
I hope that somewhere within these pages,
you find a piece of yourself.
— IMTEEIAZ AHMED

An Angel I Met

It's said that angels are only spirits,
But I believe — some walk among misfits.
In a common man's quiet, searching life,
They wander freely, easing strife.
In the stillness of the endless sky,
And the beauty where earthflowers lie,
They bloom across this motherland's girth —
Hiding in corners of this sacred earth.
An angel met me, just last year,
With books in a sack, and a face so clear.
It took my hand and made a sound,
Asked me to choose — to stick around.
I said yes — and we strolled a while,
The world around wore a brand-new smile.
It led me to a dreamlike land,
Where children danced and held my hand.
They gave me cheers, a glowing wand,
A gift of joy from fairyland.
I laughed, I danced, I felt so free,
Like life had poured its soul in me.
But as all stories sometimes bend,
My magic wand met a bitter end.
It broke apart — and as it fell,
My wasted life began to swell.

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(A continuation of “An Angel I Met”)

The Wand and the Wound

The wand was gone — my joy had fled,
Its magic dust now softly dead.
No songs, no cheers, no fairy light,
Just endless roads and sleepless night.
I walked alone through silent air,
With empty hands and heart laid bare.
The angel's face — a fading ray,
Still in my dreams, it used to stay.
But wounds too deep leave marks so strong,
They hum inside like a distant song.
Yet I still felt that quiet thread,
Of all the words the angel said:
“You hold the light, not in a wand —
But in your soul, where hopes respond.”
I cried — then smiled through tears I shed,
A broken wand, but dreams not dead.
I stood again, with trembling knee,
And walked to where the stars could see.
No angels now around me stand,
But still I write with wounded hand.
And every poem that I write anew,
Is stitched from pain — and stitched for you.

***

In The Dark Corner

Abandoned, isolated, drowned in solitude,
Sat a boy, with eyes so crude.
In the dark corner of a silent room,
Where hope melts, and shadows bloom.
The window stared with a broken frown,
Dusty panes, curtains torn down.
No love to call, no friend to keep,
His words unheard, his pain too deep.
Whispers lingered through day and night,
He spoke to silence, but lost the fight.
Every dream lay bruised, every smile torn,
He lived, but felt like he was never born.
Yet in that corner, faint and small,
A crack of light touched the wall.
Even in darkness, shadows depart—
And a broken room can still hold a heart.

The Window of a Book

There I found a window of a book,
I peeped into it — I gazed, I looked.
There I saw a colourful world,
I read the new, I felt the old.
There I saw a moth of light,
Struggling for glow — it fell, then rose to fight.
And then — a love, so pure, I spied —
Between nectar and butterfly, side by side.
She drank the juice with wings so wide,
To share the gold — she soared with pride.
To every child she passed the shine,
To teach them how to rise and climb.
A book holds magic deep within,
With planets rolling under its skin.
It crowns the beggar, lifts the small —
Its brightest gift? The reader's soul.
Each word, a gem — each line, a spark,
Its pages glow even in the dark.
There are secrets resting in its nook —
So read, dear soul — give one deep look.
A book is the witness of a reader's trail,
Like the pen of a writer that never fails.

***

The Star's Message

I was sitting in a corner of a summer night.
I saw a star coming to me, shining bright.
It told me — *“You’re a star with no light.
To shine like me, you must rise and fight.
Fight with your fears, with shadows inside,
Climb every mountain your doubts try to hide.
Fall, then rise, with a storm in your chest,
Break all the silence that made you less.”*
It paused and hovered near my face,
Its glow wrapped me in a silver embrace.
Then softly it said with a spark in its tone:
"You’ll shine brightest, when you fight alone.”

***

The Begger Sit

In the street of a crowded city,
Behind the house of a wealthy one,
Beside the stinking garbage dump,
A beggar sits all day with none.
Hungry, holding a piece of card,
Watching the passers hurry by.
He cries aloud in a painful voice,
Asking God — “You made me beg, but why?”
The rich live grand, so satisfied,
With cars, big homes, and gardens wide.
With lovely children, a loyal wife,
Their fortune keeps them glorified.
But fate has pushed me here to see,
This bitter truth I cannot bear.
To watch his hunger against their wealth,
Burns my heart each second, layer by layer.

The Love of Earth and Cloud

I found there's love between the earth and cloud,
A bond so deep, it makes me proud.
When summer spreads its silent heat,
The thirsty earth cries in dry defeat.
The cloud then weeps — its tears rain down,
Turning dust to green, on field and town.
The sun returns with golden grace,
And flowers sway in warm embrace.
The trees rise tall, their branches wide,
The rivers sing and forests glide.
Each drop from sky, a lover's gift,
That gives the earth a joyful lift.
The thunder roars — but not in rage,
It's poetry written on heaven's page.
The wind that blows, the sky so blue,
Carries whispers — "I love you too."
Their love renews the seasons' call,
In rise of spring, in autumn's fall.
And though apart — sky, earth remain,
Their union blooms in every rain.
So when you see the clouds above,
Know — that's nature, sharing love.

***

Butterfly

She sucks the flowers, so soft, so sweet,
Drinking nectar in summer's heat.
She flutters gently, light as air,
Then darts away without a care.
Her golden wings, they hum and shine,
She dances on the jasmine vine.
She lands with grace, then soars above,
A tiny sign of joy and love.
Oh, what a charm, what dazzling hues,
Like morning sky or drops of dew.
Did flowers paint her with their grace,
Or love leave colors on her face?
She carries hope on wings so bright,
She hums through woods in morning light.
She's nature's whisper, soft and pure,
A fleeting beauty that will endure.

Petals of Past

My words are falling towards a petal,
Falling from my heart, held by sepal.
My call goes to those broken chains of us,
Which we had bound, through all those years.
How we slithered, how we separated,
How we vanished, how we were created.
How we met for the first time, so shine,
How you walked in like a forgotten sign.
I still recall the scent of spring,
When you had touched my silent wing.
A single gaze, a prayer unspoken,
And every promise, left half-broken.
The moon had watched us fall apart,
Still clutching roses, torn from heart.
You left behind your name in mist,
Etched on petals I still kissed.
Now every word I try to write,
Bleeds from a memory lost in night.
Petals of past, I gather slow,
Each one whispers, "let her go."

To Her Eyes

I am your lover, you know,
I belong to you — that's how I glow.
I had fallen into your eyes,
In them, I saw my paradise.
Believe me, you are my love,
You're my nightingale, I'm your dove.
Tell me — why are you so beautiful?
My love for you feels wonderful.
You are the flower, I'm the dew,
You are the ocean, I'm just a few.
Don't leave me, O girl, don't go,
I love you deeply — this you must know.
When you look with those loving eyes,
My soul melts down and softly cries.
I won't let you fall in other hands,
I'm your moth, you're my light that stands.
There are stars hidden in your eyes,
And diamonds there that always rise.
Let your glance shine on my night,
So I may read your love in light.
Believe me, O girl, just believe,
You're my only reason to breathe and live.

***

Her Tears

She has now made a habit of tears,
In her eyes, she hides her fears.
When she looks at me with eyes so red,
She holds it in — then cries instead.
For how long will she choose the silence?
When will she end this quiet violence?
Her lips don't speak, but her eyes confess,
A heart too heavy, a soul in stress.
She walks alone though I walk near,
As if my presence can’t reach her ear.
She smiles sometimes, but it doesn't stay —
It fades like light at the end of day.
I wish to ask, I wish to hold,
But her sadness is a story untold.
She guards her pain like secret art,
And buries it deep inside her heart.
One day, I hope she’ll let it pour,
Open her wounds, close them no more.
Until then, I’ll wait in silent prayers,
Beside the girl who hides in tears.

***

Her Photograph

There is no love sign except her photograph,
It holds the silence our words couldn't craft.
Her eyes still smile in frozen grace,
A memory framed I cannot replace.
The world moved on, the seasons passed,
But her still image, forever will last.
No voice, no touch, no laugh remains,
Just paper soaked in love and pains.
I speak to it when nights fall deep,
She listens through the frame I keep.
No replies, but I still hear,
The echoes of a time so near.
I wonder if she thinks of me,
Beyond that moment, wild and free.
Or am I just a name she knew,
While I breathe her in like morning dew?
There is no love sign, no soft goodbye,
Only her photo, under a starless sky.
A piece of heart, a silent scar—
She left her soul in a memory jar.

***

Shadow of sight

Let me choose dew, instead of flowers,
Let it wash my wounds,since bars.
Let ask you a question for more,
Let be your shadow of sight, I swore.
Maybe, your choice can best or not,
Maybe, you have mistakenly noticed me.
Okay, let everything be the choice of yours,
You're not wrong for you're right dear.
You proved true, but myself can't,
I used to fear from you, not known for.
Now let everything behind, let's move on,
Together holding hands, forever we go on.

***

Nothing Felt Like Her

Nothing felt like her,
Nothing ever tasted the same.
When she slowly faded away,
I faded quietly in her name.
Nothing felt like her…
Let me wander through her tears,
Let me kneel before her fears,
For even silence speaks of her.
When the cool breeze gently passes
Across her tender, moonlit face,
And the night embraces the sky
Wrapped softly in her grace.
Her eyes — they call them shining gems,
Yet no jewel could ever compare;
For every star that lights the dark
Seems dim beside her stare.
And in the quiet heart of time,
Through every memory that stirs,
The world may change a thousand ways—
But nothing feels like her.

***

She Was... But She is Not

Yesterday,
I was sitting by the window
Of my quiet study room.
The night was silent,
And my heart was talking to the moon.
I remembered the days
I spent with her.
I remembered her voice
That once whispered to me.
I remembered her smile—
So beautiful, almost dangerous.
And the long distances
From where she used to call me.
I write her story
Again and again,
But in silent words
That no one can hear.
I remember the strange fear
I had in my heart—
The fear of losing her.
She was so loving, so pure,
So gentle and dignified.
I cannot compare her
To anything in this world.
There is nothing above her.
She was just… herself.
She was my past.
But she is not with me now.
Ah, if only she were…
But she is not with me.

***

Whispering the Nodding Fires

Once the summer and once the winter,
Once the dreamt fire, once the snow's thunder.
A century of breaks and brooks,
And the other century of dry face ashen looks.

The falling of trees from the high,
From the cry of the great sky.
From the depth of ocean and holes,
A blist an old wind moves and crawls.

A glance of the dry face and an unwilling eye,
A look of the third stepped walk of a spy.
The move of a red hearted liquid,
Which was once spotted and forever skipped.

***

The Pale Morning

They come, they go, they continue,
They live, they die — mischievous too.
They walk, they jump, they laugh and play,
They sit together at evening's pray.
They talk, they laugh, their voices sound,
Ah, what they think of wounds unbound?
They claim their lives have passed so fast,
Yet whisper softly, "I was the last."
I sit in pale winter morning light,
Calling memories after night.
I think, I wait, I question why —
How they live… and why we die.
We are born as we depart,
Bare skin, with an empty heart.
We die without a golden coffin —
That is life… a silent warning.

***

The Gift of Saturday Evening

The Gift of Saturday Evening
Though I love no mountains, no silver springs,
No rivers that wander, no meadow that sings,
No whispering woods have gladdened my heart,
No travelling roads, no rider's art.
No ancient tales make my spirit lighter,
No songs or poems make my thoughts brighter.
Yet there appears a quiet believing —
A gentle miracle of Saturday evening.
For in that hour the world grows still,
A silent peace bends to my will.
I dance with the air, I bathe in the breeze,
And every sorrow begins to ease.
I love it in ways I cannot explain,
For words fall short of such soft pain.
Each Saturday evening brings above
A remarkable gift of joy and love.

***

The Saturday Hours

It is the moment of Saturday's hours,
When in my body awaken strange powers.
Is it my day? — I softly say,
The hour of light where I drift away.
I lose myself, my heart in bliss,
I celebrate — a silent festival, this.
A gift from heaven, or so it seems,
The day I loosen my hidden dreams.
I cannot explain it, yet I explore,
A feeling that calls me more and more.
I sense it deep, I breathe its grace,
A quiet fragrance time can't erase.
In this stillness, I come alive,
Where thoughts awaken, and spirits thrive.
No chains, no fear, no world to bind —
Just me, my soul, and a wandering mind.
And when this hour begins to fade,
Like a dream too soft, too gently made,
I hold its echo close and tight —
The peace I found in Saturday's light.

***

The Poetry of Last Night

The memories, the moments—
those I once felt,
began to shape themselves
into words of pain.
They whispered softly,
telling stories I never spoke,
and I knew—
they would never grow old.
Fed by the cold grief within,
born from silent nights,
from rainy days,
from longing… and a sun that never rose.
I whispered to the dark,
murmuring till late hours,
losing myself in echoes
no one could hear.
And when the golden morning
finally woke me—
from all that silence and sorrow,
The Poetry of Last Night
came to life.

Imteeiaz Ahmed

About the Author

IMTEEIAZ AHMED is a young writer
who expresses emotions through poetry and lyrics.
His work reflects silence, love, pain,
and the unseen thoughts of the night.
Known as “,The Poeto of Death and Dawn",
he writes about the fragile space
between darkness and light —
where endings meet new beginnings.
Through his words, he hopes to give voice
to feelings that often remain unspoken.

For custom poems & lyrics:
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For the hearts that feel too much…
— IMTEEIAZ AHMED

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